

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE COUSINS.

TOO SOON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROCKSTONE."

CHAPTER I.—THE COUSINS.

IN one of the quietest of the quiet streets of Bloomsbury, there is a house rather larger than those on each side of it—larger, and seemingly older, for it has a quaint old-fashioned door-heading; the door itself has carved panels, and the window-frames have

a broad antiquated solidity unmatched by any others in the street.

Within the house a look of former times is even more apparent. The entrance-hall is shut in by glass doors; from the midst of the spacious black-and-white pavement of the inner hall springs a massive oak staircase which takes its square, leisurely way up to the top of the house, making an open room-like well in the front centre of it, guarded on each landing, where it pauses for a good broad breathing space, by solid

oak standards with heavy round knobs atop, shining though as their maker never meant them to shine, under a coat of most incongruous varnish. There is no carpet on the dark oak steps, and Miss Fraser's footsteps echo as she goes, key-basket in hand, to her cousin's study.

But she stops when she reaches the end of the landing gallery which extends on each side along the square opening: on the right it leads to the next flight of stairs, on the left to the doors of the drawing-room and study.

The drawing-room extends all across the back of the house. The study has a window at one end looking into the street, and a door at the other which leads into the drawing-room; it has another door leading on to the staircase-gallery, and before this is a heavy crimson curtain.

Rachel Fraser stops before this curtain, and you see against its dark background what a fine figure she has, and how well her head is placed on her sloping shoulders. Her dark hair is getting a grey tinge, but Miss Fraser does not wear caps. If you study her dress carefully only for a minute or two, you will see there is nothing superfluous about it—a close-fitting good black silk, not rich or magnificent, but stout and likely to wear well; her hair is simply arranged, but there is not a hair out of place; something in the straight well-cut features and narrow lips is suggestive of order and neatness. Still a comely, well-featured woman, she must have been handsome once, although she must always have wanted complexion, and grace of movement.

The sharp rap of her knuckles on the door as she draws back the curtain is so in keeping with her face, that you know before you hear it that her voice will have the clear incisive tone in which it says, "May I come in, Michael?"

No answer, but after a minute the door is opened by a man who matches her so well in height and stateliness of figure that till you see how much younger he is, you might have taken Michael Helder for Rachel Fraser's husband; going past her into the carpetless room with books and papers littered on every table, letters and memoranda scattered pell-mell behind every bit of china on the high oak mantelshelf, you would have said, "And what a blessed helpmate she must be to this untidy student!"

But Miss Fraser is ten years older than Michael Helder, and she is his cousin. She has kept his house for him ever since he was left an orphan at ten years old, and Michael Helder, his life and fortunes, his talents, his virtues, are the whole world to his cousin Rachel.

She has all the idolatry of a mother without any of a mother's privileges. Michael's will is the law of her life. She is never hard and unyielding to him, whatever she may be to others; certainly he never contradicts her, but then this would be difficult where his will and his opinion is made the law of the entire household.

Michael chooses to have his study up-stairs, although the first-floor of the great gloomy house has never been furnished. There are three rooms below, but the dining-room is not used except for visitors; it is too vast for two people, Michael thinks, so Miss Fraser has one of the smaller rooms for her special sanctum, and the other is the living room of this quiet pair of cousins. They rarely meet except at meal-times.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Michael," says the clear

direct voice, "but here is a note just brought round from the Museum, and the man waits for an answer." She looks up at her cousin and puts a note in his hand, and while he reads it she looks at him still with the proud fondness of an elder sister.

Michael Helder is not handsome: he is a tall, broad-shouldered man; both his face and his limbs look strong and full of power; there is power in his broad-lined forehead and in the crisp light hair that is brushed off it—power in his deep-set grey eyes and his too strongly-marked jaw—power, too, in his firm lips, though it is tempered here by kindly curves in the lips themselves. He has a face you could scarcely help noticing, though you may hardly think it possesses one beauty: it is masterful and peaceful at the same time, but when a smile breaks over it, it has an indescribable attraction.

"I'll not write"—he looked up—"don't you trouble, Rachel; I will go round presently myself. It is only a query from Mr. Williams, and I can explain it better than I can write it."

She lingered while he went down-stairs. She did not alter the position of the books or papers, but she deftly squared them on the tables, picked up those which had fallen on the floor, and before Michael came back she had given the room a set, orderly straightness which he recognised at once.

"Thank you," he smiled. "I wonder what sort of a place this would be if I were left quite to myself. I could never bear being put to rights; it would take me a month to set all my scattered links in order again. Jones was telling me yesterday that his wife insists on tidying his study table every week."

"He should not allow her to insist."

Michael Helder smiled. "I believe you and I live alone here together till we make a code of our own; so far as I can judge, wives do pretty much as they please, and act very independently of their husbands. The fact is, Rachel, you have spoiled me out of all fitness for matrimony."

Miss Fraser's face went back to the firm fixed look it had worn till she went into the study. "No woman would ever rule you, Michael; but very few would understand you—you are not easy to understand, you know." She was smiling again now. "I dare say if I had not been studying you for five-and-twenty years I should not have understood you either, and you see no one can ever have that chance again."

There was a kind of exultation in her words that seemed to strike her cousin.

"Then I suppose," he said, with a pretended regret, "that I had better give up all hopes of marriage. Either I should drive a wife distracted, or she would have the same effect on me!"

She did not quite like his bantering tone. "I never said that, Michael. I am quite sure you could make any woman happy. My doubt is whether you could ever find one to suit you, now that your habits and ways of life are so fixed and regular."

"I don't know, really. I sometimes think it is good for people to have the old stiff furrows they have grown up in, broken up and scattered. Perhaps a wife who kept me in order, and insisted on being taken into society, might be better for me than your indulgence."

He gave her a kind, cousinly look, but she did not see it; she had turned to the door, and as he ended she said "good-by" and went out.

He had spoken partly in joke, partly in the teasing

way which men are sure to inflict on women who worship them. And she knew this; but with all her sense and strong understanding, she knew that if ever Michael married, all the light would go out of her life. She did not love him—she would have scorned the folly at her age and at Michael's—but she idolised him, and her idolatry would not yield an iota of worship to be paid by any one but herself.

A wife! Miss Fraser said to herself, as she went down the broad shallow stairs, that Michael would be miserable with any wife.

CHAPTER II.—ANOTHER PAIR OF COUSINS.

SPRING-TIME is in its full glory. The glossy green leaves float lazily in the soft genial warmth, no longer crinkled with fear lest they have thrown off their outer wrappings too early. The grass-plot—it is too small to be called a lawn—behind Vine Cottage is girdled in with colour just now; laburnums drooping golden showers of blossom, and gueldres roses with exquisite warm grey shadows lurking in their snowball flowers, and lilacs of all shades of exquisite colour, take the upper range; and beneath are hawthorn standards with deep-cupped flowers, so pale without, so glowing crimson within, and double cherry-trees like miniature roses; below these again, to fill the space still left above the bright green grass, are grand purple flags, their stiff leaves standing round the blossoms like a guard of honour, and wallflowers of every shade, from gold to chocolate, and long graceful sprays of Solomon's seal bending over dark-eyed heartsease.

At the back, against the surrounding walls, are violets and lilies of the valley; but these are more a tradition than a reality, since "improvement," in the shape of building, has invaded Old Brompton. Twenty years ago, since this spring afternoon at Vine Cottage, the quaint quiet suburb had still some breathing spaces, some fields where children might pick buttercups and revel on the fresh green grass; but, alas! the reign of brick and mortar had begun; foundations were dug round and about, and houses began to thicken, and the flowers in the little old-fashioned gardens grew smaller, and the drained ground became yearly more barren. The old law was acting itself out here as elsewhere—Nature bowing her beautiful head before Man her conqueror, and yielding possession to his iron footsteps.

"I say, Ursula, that's too bad, you are no better than Jumbo."

Frank Williams shakes his handsome head at his cousin, and then bursts out laughing; the utter mystification in her face has set his blue eyes twinkling with amusement.

Frank is not tall, but he is a charming-looking fellow, an incarnation of sunshine, as he stands laughing and pulling out his long soft auburn whiskers.

Ursula still gazes up at him wonderstruck. This youth and maiden are not lovers; there is no love in the girl's eyes, and yet they are just the eyes that would reveal any absorbing feeling, so full of varied expression that it is difficult to characterise them, except in the words of one of Andersen's fairy-tales, "the most beautiful dark lakes in which all manner of thoughts swam about." Ursula is not beautiful; but for her eyes and her intensity of expression she would not perhaps attract much notice. Soft dark hair is gathered loosely away from her low broad

forehead; her mouth is almost as expressive as her eyes, full of sensitive curves, and yet with a curling upper lip which betokens some disregard for the sensitiveness of others. There is a strange mingling of vivacity and dreaminess in her face, and the last has got the mastery as she tries to find out her cousin's meaning.

He pointed to her fingers. "Look at them, purple with the heartsease I gave you, and which you have been deliberately rolling up between your thumb and finger while you read me that poem."

Ursula bit her lip; it was red before, but it glowed like a bit of wet coral. "And instead of listening, as I thought, you were watching the fate of the heartsease. Frank, I believe you are illiterate, though you are an Oxford man." She rose up from her low garden chair, and shook her head at her companion. "You have not got a spark of sentiment in you."

"I don't suppose I have much, and yet"—he gave her a long wistful look—"sometimes I think you are harder on me than you know."

He sighed, but the look and the sigh were lost on the girl. She had not been following his thoughts, she was intent on her own. "I should not like to be a man for most things, but there is one thing I still envy you, Frank—your power of going out into the world, and if you find a kindred spirit there, of claiming its companionship."

Frank's bright face had clouded since his sigh. He looked at her now with a merry smile. "You'll never listen, of course, any more than you used to; but I make the same complaint of you, you are too romantic, your world is not a real world, and you will never get common flesh-and-blood people to satisfy your lofty ideas."

His cousin's lip curled up and she moved her shoulders impatiently. "If you read more and amused yourself less, Frank, your ideas would be loftier; it is men like you who set up a low standard, who help to make life commonplace and dull."

She stopped abruptly. She could have gone on stinging him with burning words about his easy content and his want of a high aim, but something told her she would not be understood, and after all Frank was Frank, and he was very good, and perhaps it was not worth while to try and make him anybody else.

"I am commonplace, I know," he said, humbly; "you have taught me that, Ursula, not by words only."

The girl's pale clear skin glowed, her eyes were liquid with softness, as she looked up in her cousin's face. "I beg your pardon; I ought never to be rude or unkind to you, Frank, because you always take my part."

The young man flushed too; he seemed as if he were going to make an earnest answer and then he broke into a short laugh. "I was only joking; but, to change the subject, are you all going anywhere for change this autumn?"

"I don't suppose so; you know we only go away every three years, and then always to Herne Bay, and I would much rather stay at home. The sea is the only enjoyment, and then one feels the sea is not as bold there as it might be in other places. Frank, do you think people ever realise the great longing of their lives?"

"Often, I fancy; but, of course, this depends much on the thing coveted. I don't know," he said, mischievously, "whether a young lady ever finds her

ideal hero—a perfection, strong as a rock, in whom is no flaw or imperfection, who is never impatient or wanting in devotion, and one who guides her safely through all the shoals and perils of life."

"Frank, what do you mean?"

"Ah, you see, I can guess something;" then, seeing trouble and perplexity in every line of the earnest expressive face, he said, gravely, "My dear Ursula, Aunt Sophy gave me these verses, so I read them. I confess I felt guilty after—don't be angry, they are very sweet and musical, but if they really express your feelings, I think such feelings are unsafe. There are no such men as you picture, and the devotion your heroine lavishes would hardly bring her happiness with an ordinary man."

He spoke earnestly and yet timidly, he did not understand the cloud that had gathered in his cousin's eyes.

She was very pale and quiet when she spoke again. "Aunt Sophy had no right to hand about my private papers. I call such a thing a household treason." Then she smiled and held out her hand for the pages of manuscript. "I should have thought a man like you, Frank, would have found out before now that the feelings and thoughts which people set down on paper are not necessarily their own, otherwise how would they ever get any variety? Every person described must have his or her own special feelings. I don't choose to say whether I speak for myself or not in this poem. I consider no one but myself has a right to know my own private feelings."

She crushed up the papers in her hand and went abruptly into the house.

Frank looked after her, but he did not laugh. "Poor dear little thing, she will be miserable if she goes on like this; she's vexed; I believe she does feel as she writes; and yet if she really loved a fellow, perhaps it would all come to nothing, as girls' notions do. If I could only feel sure—"

And then Frank Williams remembered he had an appointment in his rooms in the Temple at five o'clock, and that it was certainly against his interest to miss it. "I wish they had made me a solicitor instead of a barrister," he thought, as he went back to town; "I might have been making money by this time, and able to think about marrying."

A FRESH START.

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventy-three! So the years come creeping on, putting minute to minute, hour to hour, day to day, and week to week, till all at once the measure of the twelve months is full, and we put a brand new almanack on our desks and replace the well-worn pocket-book, and have to check the nimble pen which still tries to write 1872 at the right hand corner of our letters. Is it too stale an attempt to try and pause a moment that we may take advantage of this artificial break in time, and see how we stand? Is the old year dead? No; no more than the wheat which the farmer has been sowing this last October, and which is one of the countless living links between the future and the past. There is no real pause. Nature dies not, but only disappears beneath the surface, steps down into her hidden laboratory, and is busy in shaping the energies of another spring. Beneath the dirty mould are the mysterious embryos of stalk and blossom, fruit and corn. And so with us.

Our last year still holds the seed of much that will arise in our lives. We have not done with the old year yet. Its work and its idleness will tell in our course. We shall see a wholesome return for all its honest toil, we shall be vexed at the failure of what was ill or but half done. I was walking the other day through a turnip-field, which was traversed by one straight bare strip about six feet wide. "What does this mean?" I asked of the farmer. "Well," he said, "while we were sowing the field, I forgot to let the drill down for one bout. It was," he added, "a very hot day, after dinner." For awhile the missed course was undetected, but when the turnips came up the failure showed. So in our past work the defects appear. So in this 1873 we shall find the misses of 1872. Worse for us if instead of failing to sow the right seed we have sown weeds. We have not done with the old year yet, much of its tale has still to be told.

But we have a new year before us now. Shall we make a fresh start? Remember this, that a fresh start consists chiefly not so much in doing new things as in doing the old things better. We probably have too many irons in the fire, too many good resolutions. If we are conscious of having come short of doing some things which we purposed, don't let us be in a hurry to add to the list of what has to be done. A man may so crowd his future with plans as to choke the growth of any. Some people say, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." This sounds like a wise maxim, but much may be said for its opposite, and in a better sense than the cynical Talleyrand intended, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." That is, do the day's work thoroughly; leave yourself room to turn; shut the door of your mind against that troublesome crowd of thoughts which do not concern the duty under your hand; lest perchance while looking down the vista of the things to be done, you overlook the deed of the hour. To-day's work done well is the best anticipation of and preparation for to-morrow's toil. Suppose you are learning a language. Many have been surprised to find in how short a time they have been able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of a fresh tongue to read it with facility. Only don't be in a hurry; condescend to plod carefully through the dull preliminaries. Grind at the grammar and the exercise; learn lists of words; ply the dictionary; write out your lessons with pains; don't push forward and try to scramble out the sense of a page which you have not yet reached. Make your ground sure as you go along. Be not disheartened at the minutely small progress which you seem to be making, and then some fine day you will perceive the past work bearing accumulated fruits, and by having put off the temptation to anticipate reading, you will find that the past tedious spelling enables you to read. The new power will come of itself if you do not strain it, and if you resolutely put off till to-morrow that which perhaps you think you could do to-day.

They are the little increments of daily work which tell in the end. Make your ground sure as you go along, and take this as a chief resolution while you stand looking over the untrodden field of a new year. Do not perplex yourself with thinking how much has to be done, but bend yourself to do that which is in hand. When you make "a fresh start," see that you march with as little baggage as possible. Do not be afraid to prune off resolutions freely. Do not laden the future. The best realisation

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of that "looking forward" which is wise, consists in the thorough execution of that which is present. To-day's deed will best promote to-morrow's plan. Have a plan, of course, but let it be as simple as possible; do one thing at a time, and do it as completely as you can. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." So will it stand by you and not be forgotten, as it is when you give it a mere glance; it will stand, and not fall to pieces as it does when a mere makeshift.

See an example of what I mean in the reading of a book. Once in the old coaching times I sat outside behind a well-known professor. It was summer, and a fine day. He read a book as we rode along, and I noticed that when he came to the bottom of a page, instead of turning the leaf over he covered it with his hand or reversed the volume, while he fixed in his mind the salient contents of the page he had just read. Of course this would be needless with any book read for amusement, to while away an hour pleasantly; but I am sure that if you purpose to read some work of standard worth, it is well to clench the nails of instruction as you go along. Make notes of the chief facts and lines of thought; secure what the book has to give you; then it will stay, and be not only a stock to draw upon for accurate knowledge, but a fabric in your mind which will act as a net and store for much stray information that floats about in the world of newspapers and social converse. With what multiplied interest a man reads of foreign affairs in the daily journals when he is master of the main facts in a nation's history! This is but an example of what I mean; it has manifold applications in the common daily life of all.

In short, while taking a fresh start, discard the pleasant prospect of many schemes. Believe that there is a very homely common sense as well as a higher interpretation of the Divine command, "Take no thought for the morrow." Let your chief resolution be, as regards your work, to do it steadily, solidly, and not perplex yourself with alluring schemes of what you would like to do. The Spaniards have a proverb to this effect: "If you can't get what you like, like what you have got." The wisdom of this might be used in a hundred ways. It is a stroke of concentrated sense. One application of it is to stick to the thing in hand; secure that, and it is marvellous how fruitful it will be.

And if you are plagued with any habit which you would be free of, lay no long train of prospective restraint, but just have a stroke at the evil to-day. That will be a point gained. Habit is the act of yesterday; to-morrow will take care for the things of itself, and it will do so all the better, or more surely, when to-day is secured. And remember above all that thus you work according to Divine rule and method. God works by law, and we do not always see the progress of his work. His work of to-day with the buried grain, for example, might seem as nothing, but it is an integral process in the production of the corn that makes a nation's food. So resolve, so yourself work, then you will make your fresh start with no mere feverish flash of good resolution, but in the end find that you have been in unison with Him who doeth all things well—you will find yourself supported by the laws and forces of His mighty realm, helped by the power of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

I.—THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

THE subject of dreams has met with considerable attention in almost every age, and both ancient and modern writers have treated it with an amount of earnestness sufficiently indicative of its general interest; but neither ancient nor modern writers seem to have been able to arrive at anything like a definite conclusion either as to the source and origin of dreams, or to the relative importance which should be assigned to them among the phenomena of our lives. We might cite many and widely differing views in relation to the matter, some of them strange and peculiar enough; but we should occupy the reader's time to little purpose by so doing in the absence of any criterion by which to pronounce a decision.

What we really know of dreaming is little more than this, viz., that a dream is a confused action of the thinking faculties taking place during the slumbers which precede or follow sleep—that it is extremely doubtful whether dreams ever take place so long as the sleep is perfectly sound—that they would probably not take place at all were the mind at peace and the body in a perfectly healthful condition, and that when they do take place they are more or less influenced by the bodily affections of the sleeper, although they may be greatly determined by the sleeper's mental bias, pursuits, and character.

The grand difference between our waking and sleeping thoughts is, that in the former case our perceptive faculties are under the control of our reason-

ing judgment and our will, while in the latter case these all-guiding powers are absent or dormant, and the fancy and imagination run riot, indulging in wildest licence and all sorts of grotesque and absurd vagaries; or, on the other hand, become crushed and subdued, the victims of the most terrible oppressions of misery and ghastly fear, the mysterious results of diseased or disturbed functional action. Indigestion, in some one or other of its phases, is said to be the immediate cause of most of our dreams, and this idea is pretty near the truth, and is as old almost as the art of medicine:—

"All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred,
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood.

* * * * *

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobbler, and a mob of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor ere can be."

Dryden's Chaucer.

We have all had our experience of dreams, and we know that in good part our average dreaming consists mainly of a reproduction in some pleasant or unpleasant way of the thoughts and actions which have occupied our waking hours, but at the same time

these become strangely mingled in the absurdest manner with other thoughts and acts, often abounding in the most ridiculous associations, without in the least affecting our gravity. Time, place, substance, persons, and things shall all become confounded together. "Thus," to quote a pleasant essay on this subject, "you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend shall be your enemy; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, you are only so at something not surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once is the most ordinary of commonplaces; but that, being a bull, he should have horns, is what astonishes you; and you are amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a schoolboy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than in prose; and ask a stud of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has just gone down to Gloucestershire to fit up a house for Epaminondas."

Addison, in the "Spectator," quotes from letters of correspondents who dreamed much in this vein. One gentleman "having sent a venture beyond sea, took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where, awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned on his left side in order to get a second voyage; but ere he could get on shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought a reprieve. Another public-spirited gentleman dreamed that all London was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes, if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far.

Among the "Spectator's" correspondents were some accustomed to luxuriate in dreams of a delicious sort; and these complained sadly of the interruption or destruction of their joys through their being awoke by the morning cries of the street traders. Thus monarchs were dethroned by the rattling of wheelbarrows; gentlemen of fortune were bawled out of their estates by fellows not worth three-halfpence; young ladies on the point of marriage to rich and handsome young noblemen had the ceremony cut short by a roaring tinker; and a young statesman who had conquered all Europe, and been crowned lord of the universe at Constantinople, was knocked off his imperial throne about seven in the morning by a chimney-sweeper. However, if these early disturbers of the dreams of their betters did so much mischief to some, they made amends by doing good to others, for correspondents were not wanting who thanked them fervently for their deliverance. Thus, the cry of a small-coal man saved one distressed dreamer from ten years' imprisonment; the cry of

the watchman released another from the malice of his all-powerful enemies; the clatter of nailed shoes saved a third from a fit of the gout accompanied by quinsy; and the squall of a cinder-wench delivered a fourth from the grasp of an insufferable bore who had been plaguing him all night.

One common thing in dreaming is to be flying in the air, or rather making our way through it by mere volition, without any consciousness of possessing wings. This is invariably pleasant, and one of the easiest things in the world; with many it is accompanied with the knowledge that they are dreaming, and they resolve to do the same when they awake. Leigh Hunt in his "Indicator" tells us that in one of his dreams he went to some Flying Rooms which had been set up for public use. "The landlady welcomed us with a curtsy, hoped for friends and favours, etc., and then showed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. 'Perhaps, sir,' said she, 'you would like to try the room.' Upon which we made no more ado, but sprang up and made two or three genteel circuits; now taking the height of it, like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles, like a swallow. 'Very pretty flying indeed,' said we, 'and very moderate.'" Another gentleman dreamer asserts that he skims at a moderate height above the ground over the most charming landscapes imaginable—sometimes the identical scenes which Claude or Turner has painted—and that he usually ends these excursions by an amazingly rapid flight between the walls of a gloomy rocky ravine, from which he suddenly emerges into a vast assembly of blissful mortals seated in endless ranks, and listening with beaming faces to most entrancing music.

Not quite so pleasant as the above was the experience of Thomas Hood, who relates a dream he had shortly before his marriage: "A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night coach to Bognor. It had been concerted between Honoria and myself that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place on the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed upon, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one, accordingly, a pretty villa, with bow windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook on her part to promote the comfort of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far the nocturnal faculty had served me truly: a day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea-view secured, the rent agreed upon, when everything was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in, and confounded all—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!" This record of Hood's is an apt illustration of a certain class of dreams frequently recurring, in which we rehearse some actual or probable scene of our experience, without any violation of consistency—up to a certain point, when the "incoherent fancy" comes in with some impossible or absurd conclusion.

Baxter, the eminent divine, records some singular examples of the texture of his dreams. "I am frequently troubled," he says, "with frightful dreams, more especially when I lie on my left side; when these become very troublesome, I have in my sleep

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gained a kind of habit of reflecting how the case stands with me, and whether I be awake or asleep. This generally ends in the discovery of the truth of the case; and when I find it to be a dream I am then easy, and my curiosity engages me to see how the fantastic scene will end, with the same kind of indifference that the spectator receives from a theatrical entertainment; but being all along an actor in the scene, the reality of the representation is perpetually obtruding itself upon me; so when the scene, as it often does, grows too troublesome to be borne, I can at any time, by making a certain effort, awake myself." Again: "I have felt, as it were, in dreams, a double identity. As thus, I have dreamed I was conversing with another, and at the same time was very inquisitive and desirous of knowing the subject of conversation, which seemed to be studiously kept from me." Again, the same writer says: "I have rambled for twenty years together in dreams, in one certain country, through one certain road, and resided in one certain country-house, quite different as to the whole face of the country and situation of the place from anything I ever saw awake, and the scene quite unvaried." The present writer can thoroughly accept this curious experience of the celebrated divine. Being, like the Vicar of Wakefield, accustomed to migrate occasionally "from the blue bed to the brown," we very early made the discovery that attached to the two rooms were separate dream-lands of their own, and that, whatever were the circumstances of our dreams, the locality was always of the same character in the same room. This has continued for years, notwithstanding a change of residence, which, however, did not involve a change of sleeping arrangements. One of the rooms is nearly twice the size of the other, and, as the reader would expect, the dream area is larger in the larger room—so much larger, indeed, that there are no limits to its extension; while in the smaller room the action of the dream is always shut in, as it were, in a narrow space, yet of which we cannot, or at any rate do not, recognise the limits. In the wider field we float triumphantly in the air—bound over vast plains or gently swelling hillocks of flower-strewn sward—or, in sad dreams wander disconsolately, lost in the mazes of some interminable forest; while on the narrower stage we enjoy the pleasantest picnics in the greenwood, or gossip round the winter fire; though here, when the sad time comes, there is open before us a kind of stony *via mala*, over which we have stumbled a hundred times, and may stumble a hundred more, while toiling wearily up towards the summit, with the apprehension that something "uncanny" will greet us at the top—an apprehension, however, that is not always fulfilled.

Undoubted proof has been afforded that the energy of the intellect is sometimes greater during sleep than at other times; and many a problem, it is asserted, has been solved in sleep which has puzzled the waking sense. Cabanis tells us that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in dreams in the conduct of many affairs in which he was engaged. Condillac states that while writing his "Course of Studies" he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retire to bed, and that on awaking he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. In like manner Condorcet would sometimes leave his complicated calculations unfinished, and after retiring to rest would find their results unfolded to him in

his dreams. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed verses in their sleep which they could repeat on awaking. Doctor Johnson relates that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his antagonist had the better of him. Coleridge in a dream composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which had been suggested to him by a passage he had read in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" before he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of between two and three hundred lines, and taking writing materials, began eagerly to set them down. Unfortunately he was interrupted before a quarter of the task was done—was called away to attend to some business which detained him an hour—and found when he returned to his writing that the remainder had vanished from his memory. The most remarkable testimony of this kind is perhaps that of Sir Thomas Browne, who declared that, if it were possible, he would prefer to carry on his studies in his dreams, so much more efficient were his faculties of mind when his body was asleep. He further adds, that were his memory as faithful as his reason is then fruitful, he would prefer that season for his devotions.

Thus far we have looked only on the pleasant side of the stuff that makes our dreams. But there is another side to be considered—not by any means pleasant, but fraught with terror and mystery and mental pain. In certain states of body or mind we may be made to suffer in our sleep more than language can express; and many there are who from disease, misfortune, imprudence, or guilt, are subject to distressing dreams, and to whom sleep, instead of being ardently courted as a comfort and a restorative, is the object of constantly recurring fear. Under such visitations we are oppressed with some undefinable dread that unmans us—or we wander in frightful places haunted by monstrous forms—or we struggle under vast burdens—or are hunted by assassins without the chance or the hope of escape—or we work with frantic endeavour at some fearfully impossible task—or we lie supine among corpses, touching their cold, clammy forms with our hands, or walk with them among graves, or in dead silence enter the charnel-house, and look through their sightless sockets into dead men's skulls. It is a moment of real ecstasy when we awake, though that is but a poor compensation for the misery we have undergone.

Coleridge, in his beautiful poem "Pains of Sleep," gives a touching picture of his own sufferings from terrible dreams:—

"Yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will,
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! madd'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others' still the same,
Life-stirring fear, soul-stifling shame."

Even more appalling is the testimony of De Quincey

concerning the dreams superinduced by indulgence in opium. He describes one of them as follows: "The dream commenced with a music which I now often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces, and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!—And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'"

In another place De Quincey describes what he calls the "tyranny of the human face" in dreams: "Hitherto," he says, "the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not so despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that, upon the rocking waters of the ocean, the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite—my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

There is, however, no necessity to eat opium to bring on frightful or distressing dreams; they will sometimes come of themselves, even when least expected. The following is a case in point: An organist of local celebrity had been practising with enthusiasm some of Sebastian Bach's most elaborate fugues, until he had acquired the most facile execution even with the most difficult; and he had continued these exercises as the sources of the highest emotional gratification. One night, after his usual occupation of teaching music, he went to bed, but did not recollect whether he felt more than ordinarily fatigued. He dreamed that he had to play these fugues to a large

congregation, but he found to his horror that the pedals would not move, and that it was utterly impossible to give any effect to these sublime compositions. He tried to do so with great and intense anxiety, and with the most indomitable perseverance; but the difficulties increased, and his chagrin and disappointment were great, as he had never anticipated the possibility of such a complete failure. Hence he made still greater efforts, trying with all his energy and might to make the pedals act. But with all his additional labour, he could not succeed; and, under a sensation of despair, he awoke. He was quite jaded and physically prostrated, particularly his legs and arms, which pained him as much as if his dreamy adventure had been an actual reality. There is no doubt that if he had not actually used the muscles of his arms and feet, he had yet expended as much nervous power as if his limbs had been exercised under the perfect volition of consciousness. A sportsman tells us he sometimes suffers wretchedly in dreams. He has to toil over rocks and rugged ground after game, and when he has at length arrived within shot of it his rifle will not go off. In vain he tugs at the trigger—the game mocks him with a ghastly grin, and he wakes in a cold sweat.

One remarkable thing as to the stuff of our dreams is well worth a moment's consideration—and it is this: Of whatever stuff we are ourselves made (so far as regards our moral constitution and character, that is), of such stuff our dreams will assuredly partake in a very great degree, whatever may be the forms and phases—grotesque and ridiculous, or awful and solemn—under which they occupy the mind in sleep. It has been frequently asserted by writers on this subject, that the dreamer is at one time brave as a lion, at another a mere poltroon—at one time a knave, at another a saint, etc., etc. But all such descriptions are false and baseless—the moral individuality undergoes *no* change in dreams. The coward *never* dreams that he is valiant, or the brave man that he is a coward; the sordid man has no generous emotions in the land of shadows, nor does the free-handed hospitable man become a churl in his sleep. The dreams of the miser will never be visions of self-sacrifice and benevolence; nor those of the base, mean, and impure be a whit more noble or elevated than the acts of their waking hours. It is true that in dreams we often acquire wealth, honour, dignity, reputation, or power; in fact, we may, and it is likely enough that we do, in our dreams realise, as it were, in the course of our lives, all those various longings and ambitions which we are in the habit of picturing to ourselves in those waking myths and day-dreams in which all men, from the necessities of their nature, indulge more or less. But throughout all these changes, endless as they are, the moral individual remains the same, and cannot or will not undergo a moral change. Again, in dreams we never lose our personal identity: one man never dreams that he is another man, and though he may dream that he is two men, or ten men, or twenty, yet each and all of these will be none other than himself, multiplied he knows not how. From these considerations and others which they have a tendency to suggest, it would appear that we have ourselves a part to play in furnishing the stuff of our dreams. To what extent we are ourselves the creators of our dream-life, may perhaps be shown in subsequent chapters.



Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

[Engraved by permission.

FROM THE PAINTING IN SIR RICHARD WALLACE'S COLLECTION.

Sir Joshua Reynolds thought so highly of this picture that he called it "one of the half-dozen original things" he had produced.



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THE FOUNDER OF SAVINGS BANKS:

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. DR. HENRY DUNCAN, AND OF RUTHWELL MANSE.

MUCH has been written in prose and verse about the simple beauties and comforts of a Scottish manse; and certainly these quiet and often picturesque residences in Scotland may well excite the admiration of all who love to see the beauty of nature blended with the peace of religion. They have been the happy homes of thousands of excellent men, and from them have issued forth many sons and daughters who have adorned society with their worth, or made the world debtor to their genius. Men like Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott could look on a Scottish manse with a loving eye, and knew how to express the feelings it inspired. I do not quote the whole of Wordsworth's sonnet, "On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland," but will merely give the concluding lines:—

"The abode
Of the good priest, who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers."

Of all the Scottish manses I have ever seen or known, the manse of Ruthwell stands pre-eminent in my recollection. Its precincts are not remarkable for natural beauty, for the situation is low, and the soil around is by no means fertile; but the hand of its distinguished occupant, when I knew it, had surrounded it with lovely walks, lawns, and gardens, and turned a naturally barren scene into an earthly paradise. Yet the parish of which it formed the moral and spiritual centre commands from nearly all points pleasant views of the Solway Firth, the Galloway mountains, with majestic Criffel in the foreground, and the Cumberland mountains to the south, crowned by the lofty Skiddaw. Ruthwell lies on the Solway shore, nearly midway between Dumfries and Annan. It is a parish of average dimensions and importance, and now derives its chief celebrity from its connection with the name of Dr. Henry Duncan, the philanthropic originator of savings banks, and a man of remarkable literary and scientific accomplishments.

Henry Duncan, born in 1774, was the child of a manse, his father having been minister of Lochrutton, a parish in Galloway, four miles from Dumfries. His grandfather was also minister of the same parish; and indeed he used to say that he was of the tribe of Levi, as he could trace his connection by birth or marriage with fully 150 ministers of the Church of Scotland and other denominations. Had he been living now, he could, I believe, have added at least fifty to that amazing number. He studied at the Universities of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and in the latter city became the friend of Dugald Stewart and other distinguished professors. He also contracted a friendship with Henry Brougham which lasted through life. To his latest days Lord Brougham could hardly mention the name of his early college friend, Henry Duncan, without visible emotion. After spending some time in Liverpool as a clerk in an eminent banking firm, Mr. Duncan completed his studies, and was licensed to preach the gospel. In 1799 he was presented by the Earl of Mansfield to the vacant parish of Ruthwell. He had the offer of the much better living of Lochmaben, vacant at the

same time, but he preferred the quiet rural parish of Ruthwell, as it appeared to present a better field for his philanthropic experiments.

He found the manse, the parish, and the people in no very satisfactory state; and from the very first year of his incumbency he commenced a career of improvement which soon altered the face of things for the better. He introduced among the people many excellent moral and social reforms, which were more or less successful; but the spiritual fruits of his labours were more abundantly reaped towards the close of his ministry. He frequently did for his parishioners what no Scottish pastor had ever attempted. On one occasion when the people were suffering from great scarcity caused by deficient harvests, he procured from Liverpool a cargo of Indian corn, which, landed on the shore of Ruthwell, was sold at prime cost, or even less, to all applicants in the parish. He also devised various means of giving employment to poor labourers, and stimulating them to habits of frugal industry. His active and philanthropic mind once fairly applied to improve the material condition of his people, he began a series of plans and experiments which ended in the institution of a savings bank. The first savings bank that ever existed was opened in Ruthwell so early as 1810, and it has proved the parent of an innumerable and beneficent progeny. Its fame soon spread over Scotland and England, and its benevolent projector was inundated with letters from all sorts of people asking for information and advice. He wrote letters in reply without number, and delivered lectures in many important towns about Banks for Savings. He also published an elaborate pamphlet on the nature and advantages of these institutions. Finally, in 1819, he went up to London to assist in pushing through Parliament a Bill to encourage and regulate the institution of Savings Banks. This Bill, the first of a series on an important branch of national economy, would not have been got through the Commons but for his indefatigable exertions. The time, the labour, and the money he spent on this great subject of public interest almost surpass belief. I have heard him say that his postages alone one year amounted to £80. Yet this Scottish minister, who proved himself to be such a benefactor of his country and the whole civilised world, never received any national reward, or anything like an adequate public recognition of his services.

The literary activity of the minister of Ruthwell fully equalled his benevolent labours. Seeing more clearly than most of his clerical contemporaries the use that could be made of the newspaper press, he instituted, in 1809, the "Dumfries Courier," which still exists, and has long been one of the most popular and successful of all Scottish provincial journals. He also wrote a number of useful popular tracts to enlighten the minds and elevate the moral tone of the common people. Two tales of great interest and humour, "The Cottage Fireside," and "The Young South-Country Weaver," next proceeded in succession from his pen, and were extremely popular, as well as highly useful. They were worthy to take their place beside the famous "Cottagers of Glenburnie," and are usually classed with that excellent popular book.

The accomplishments of this remarkable man were

varied almost beyond example. He had a decided talent for mechanical contrivances, and also for sculpture. I have seen models and pieces of statuary that proceeded from his hand which would not have discredited a professional artist. But it was also his lot, while excelling in popular literature, to acquire a distinguished name in geology, and to render a service of the highest order to the antiquities of Scotland. He saw the scientific importance of certain marks of animals in strata of the old red sandstone in Dumfriesshire, and in an elaborate paper brought them under the notice of the geologists of the day. Dr. Buckland and others at once admitted that this discovery was "one of the most curious and important ever made in geology." The slabs of the red sandstone which led to a sort of new geological era, were built into the garden-house at Ruthwell, and I have often gazed upon them with wonder and delight. Buckland, Sedgewick, and many other renowned geologists, visited the garden-house, and were hospitably entertained in the adjoining manse, a dwelling which for many years received a greater and better variety of company than probably any other manse in Scotland.

In 1823 the University of St. Andrew's conferred the degree of D.D. on the minister of Ruthwell. A remarkable relic of antiquity had by this time engaged his attention. For many centuries before the Reformation an ancient and highly venerated stone cross, sculptured and lettered, had stood in the churchyard of Ruthwell. It was still standing in the seventeenth century, and was superstitiously regarded by many of the people; but the General Assembly of the Church at length ordered its removal or destruction. It had originally consisted of several pieces, and of these, when it was taken down, some were broken to fragments, and others were buried in the earth. The discovery of a large piece during the digging of a grave led Dr. Duncan to collect together such fragments as might remain. The result was that the greater part of the cross, which must have been fully seventeen feet high, was restored, and erected in one of the squares of the manse garden. The ingenuity and skill Dr. Duncan showed in piecing the fragments together, and supplying what could not be recovered, was equal to his antiquarian zeal in the whole matter. It turned out that the letters on two sides of the cross were Runic, while those on the other two sides were Roman, and composed certain Latin words from the Vulgate. Dr. Duncan published a full and accurate account of the cross with its inscriptions for the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, and also made various fine drawings and models of it with his own hand. The antiquarians of Great Britain, of Denmark, and Germany, had their curiosity immensely excited by the description of this most interesting relic. Many came to Ruthwell on a pilgrimage to see the cross, and others wrote learned papers about it for their respective societies. The decyphering of the *Runes* long defied all antiquarian skill; but at last the strange discovery of an old volume in a Piedmontese monastery flung such light on the conclusions of the late Mr. Kemble, the famous Anglo-Saxon scholar, as to prove that the said mysterious characters were part of a Runic translation of a remarkable mediæval poem on the wood of the true cross. The German literature on the Ruthwell monument alone would form many volumes, and it is even increasing at this day. That most extraordinary relic of antiquity

would have been for ever lost to the world but for the enlightened zeal of the minister of Ruthwell.

I first knew Ruthwell manse in 1829, and for many years after it was familiar to me as a home. It was then in all its glory as the abode of true religion and literary refinement, surrounded with its lovely gardens and grounds that showed everywhere the hand of cultivated taste. Dr. Duncan was a landscape gardener of the first order, and adorned his spacious glebe, as well as the precincts of the manse, with the greatest skill and care. The garden, consisting of several acres, was divided into squares by high beech hedges; tall lime, fir, and willow trees mingled their charms upon the lawns near the house; a silvery pond, reflecting a white wooden bridge, and surrounded with larches, beeches, and plane-trees, added greatly to the beauty of the scene. A more hospitable house—a house that was visited by a greater number of strangers of distinction, or friends of the family, was nowhere to be found in broad Scotland. In the glory of a June or July day, when the air was calm, and all the trees were in full foliage, this abode of pastoral worth and lettered accomplishment looked like "a little Eden in a world of sin." When an old-fashioned and eccentric Secession minister from Dumfries visited the place on such a day, and met Mrs. Duncan at the gate, he lifted his hat, and said to her, with great unction, "Mem, when ye dee, and gang to heaven, ye will think ye have never been oot o't."

This Mrs. Duncan was the daughter of the preceding minister of Ruthwell, the Rev. John Craig. She was a lady of the finest poetic sensibility and the truest Christian piety. Her character presented a rare union of strength and sweetness. She had the strongest common sense, and yet was full of the finest sentiment and feeling. She fulfilled her various and important duties in such a manner as to delight both high and low. She was admired by the titled and the great, and was yet wonderfully beloved by the poor. During a great part of her life her health was very delicate, but her mental energy never failed, and to the last she guided her household and performed her part as a minister's wife with a tact, a tenderness, and a success that won universal admiration.

Two literary anecdotes which I have often heard her relate I shall here introduce. Her father, before he was translated to Ruthwell, was minister of Kirkpatrick Fleming, also in Dumfriesshire. Once, when she was a little girl of seven, the Rev. John Logan, one of the ministers of Leith, well known at the time for his poetical talents and his pulpit eloquence, had arrived at Kirkpatrick manse on a visit to her father, who was an old college friend. Having retired to rest at her usual early hour, she was awakened by the sound of singing in the dining-room, where Logan, her father, and other members of the family were at supper. She rose and went to the dining-room door to listen to the unwonted sound, and there she discovered that the stranger was singing a Song, or Ode, to the cuckoo. She had no idea at the time that a keen controversy was to arise about the authorship of this celebrated Ode. It is now by most people attributed to Logan's friend and rival, Michael Bruce; but naturally enough Mrs. Duncan had always a strong impression that its author was Logan himself. She believed at the time she heard it that Logan sung it as his own composition.

The other anecdote has appeared in Lockhart's "Life of Burns," and in Mr. McDowall's most in-

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teresting work, "Burns in Dumfriesshire." When the great poet, during the last days of his life, was at the Brow, in the parish of Ruthwell, for the benefit of its famous chalybeate waters and its pure sea air, he was invited to drink tea one evening at the manse, and was kindly entertained by Mrs. Craig and her daughter, as Mr. Craig, the minister, was absent at the time. Miss Agnes Craig, the future Mrs. Duncan, was an enthusiastic admirer of Burns's genius, and could repeat many of his most exquisite productions. She was intensely interested in the poet's conversation, but was deeply moved by his shattered appearance and melancholy air. I have heard her often describe the scene in the manse parlour. Burns called himself "a poor plucked pigeon," and said he almost felt envious of the humble manse ploughman whom he chanced to see in his plain and clouted dress. The bright summer evening sun happening to shine in through the window upon the face of the poet, Miss Craig hastened to let down the blind, but he exclaimed, "Let the sun shine in upon us, my dear young lady; he has not now long to shine for me."

The society at Ruthwell manse was interesting and varied. The hospitality of its master and mistress was most frank and genial. To young men of promise, as well as to men who had won a high place in the world, they offered the same generous kindness. Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle spent at the manse many happy hours in the spring-time of their life. Sir David Brewster, as the early friend of Dr. Duncan, was also at one time a frequent visitor. The Malcolms, of Burnfoot, to which Sir John and Sir Pulteney belonged, the Diroms, of Mount Annan, an accomplished family connected with the Malcolms, and other people of distinction, were warm friends of Dr. and Mrs. Duncan. Among distinguished Scottish ministers who visited Ruthwell manse, or preached in the parish church, were Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Andrew Thomson, both of them closely allied to Dr. Duncan by personal and ecclesiastical ties. Eminent geologists, such as Jameson, Buckland, Sedgewick, and Poulet Scrope; and antiquarians, both British and foreign, came to see the treasures of the manse garden, and were always received with the utmost courtesy and kindness. John Macdiarmid, the famous editor of the "Dumfries Courier," and Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," were also Ruthwell guests in former days. Nor must I forget to mention the name of Robert M'Cheyne, who had a worthy aunt that lived in the parish, and who, during his vacation visits to her, was often at the manse, where he was treated like one of the family. Often have I seen him at Ruthwell when an elegant, light-hearted, yet promising lad; and I remember the time when that change came over his spirit which turned out such a blessing to himself and the Church of Christ.

There are two other remarkable men who must not be forgotten in any account of Ruthwell manse society during the time to which I refer. These are the late Thomas Carlyle, Esq., and the late Rev. William Dow, who were for many years "apostles" in the Irvingite, or rather the "Apostolic Catholic Church." They were relatives of Dr. Duncan, and as young men, the one a Scottish advocate, and the other a parish minister, they upheld the principles of the Church of Scotland, and were frequent guests at Ruthwell manse. Both of them were men of high character and decided ability, very earnest in their religious views, and fond of cherishing a bright ideal

of the church on earth. I knew them both well in early life, and in my riper years. I loved and admired them both, but never could comprehend the reasons that induced them, hard-headed men as they were, to mingle up with their scriptural beliefs a number of mystic delusions.

In the years 1836 and 1837 Dr. Duncan published, in four successive volumes, his "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," his most elaborate and successful work. The varied scientific knowledge and high literary accomplishments displayed in these volumes added greatly to the fame of their author. And when it is remembered that the whole work was written during the leisure hours of less than two years, we must admit it to be a truly wonderful performance. It embodied, doubtless, the gathered knowledge and observations of a lifetime; but yet the composition in such a short time of a work demanding so much thought and research, and characterised by such elegance of style, must be reckoned a literary feat of no common order. While engaged in this labour of love Dr. Duncan regularly rose as early as four or five o'clock in the morning, and, as Sir Walter Scott, I think, was wont to say, "broke the back of his day's work before breakfast."

In 1832 Mrs. Duncan died, and some years after Dr. Duncan was united to Mrs. Lundie, the widow of his old college friend, the amiable and accomplished Rev. Robert Lundie, minister of Kelso. The second Mrs. Duncan is well known for her decided Christian character and high literary accomplishments. Her life of her daughter, Mrs. Lundie Duncan, is one of the most interesting and popular of modern religious biographies. On both sides of the Atlantic it has had a great circulation and been highly useful. Mrs. Duncan is the author of several other excellent works marked by much originality of thought and a fine spiritual tone. She still survives in an honoured old age, and in the full enjoyment of her intellectual powers. Her sister, the late Mrs. Henry Grey, of Edinburgh, was also a woman of high literary talent and sterling Christian character, as many of our readers have recently had the means of knowing. Her son-in-law, Dr. Horatius Bonar, is admired by all the Churches for his excellent devotional works and beautiful hymns.

In 1843 many lovely Scottish manses and excellent benefices were abandoned by their possessors for conscience's sake. Dr. Duncan, who had been a leading member of the "Evangelical" party in the Church of Scotland, and had filled the chair of the General Assembly in 1839, took his place among those who retired from the Establishment and formed the Free Church. Along with him in taking this decided step were his two sons, his two sons-in-law, and his brother-in-law, all of whom held valuable livings in the Established Church. In that year of "sacrifices" no family in the Church, perhaps, made so many as the family of Dr. Henry Duncan. His eldest son, the late Dr. George Duncan, I may here mention, was for many years Presbyterian minister at Greenwich, and clerk of the English Presbyterian Synod; a man of many fine qualities, and greatly beloved by all his brethren.

Dr. Duncan had not a few trials of a painful kind to pass through at the period of the Disruption, but he bore them with characteristic fortitude and cheerfulness. In the spring of 1846 he was holding an evening prayer-meeting in a hamlet within the parish of Ruthwell, when he was struck down by an

apoplectic attack. He was conveyed in an open cart to Comlongan Castle, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Phillips. Looking up at the clear starry sky, he was heard to murmur, "How glorious!" All his life long he had been keenly alive to the splendour of the heavenly bodies, and was a great lover of astronomy. A brief season of almost total unconsciousness followed, and then he calmly expired. He had some time before taken up his residence in Edinburgh, but, in the providence of God, it was his lot to die among his own people. Scotland has not produced a more accomplished minister of the gospel or a finer Christian philanthropist than Dr. Henry Dunean of Ruthwell.

J. D.

A JAPANESE WINTER SCENE.

The quaint Japanese picture forming our frontispiece is drawn from a series which illustrate a well-known story in Japanese history. It is a romance describing the fortunes of a certain princely house, the Gen or Minamoto family. This clan had a contest with the Hei or Taira family about the power in the 12th century, and a civil war of great length and bitterness was the result. The Minamoto family was finally victorious. So much for the origin of the picture, which brings before us a pretty winter scene. Japan, like England, has a variable climate, sometimes the heat is extreme; in winter, the snow lies on the ground very deep. The beautiful lines of Cowper as well describe the winter in Japan as in England.

"The night was winter in its roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May."

—Winter Walk at Noon.

The young prince, the chief figure in the picture, is taking his winter walk, accompanied by one of the lady attendants. They are richly dressed in silken robes, bearing the distinguishing marks of their families. It is a custom in Japan to dress in printed material which marks the clan of the wearer by displaying what is called the *shirushi* or cognisance of the family. The bamboo leaves in the foreground of the picture seem to be placed there purposely. They form the *shirushi* of the Minamoto family.

The lady who is walking with the prince is not of equal rank with the lady in the front, who is looking back upon them. The different style of head-dress shows this. The great hair-pins of coloured glass or metal are distinctive of a low class of females. The simple style of the lady in purple, who wears but one pin and a plain blue flower, shows that she is of a higher class.

They appear to be enjoying thoroughly the winter scene. Snow lies thickly on the ground, and yet, from the use of the umbrella, we may suppose the sun to be shining. In the background are some people enjoying the familiar pastime of snowballing. The Japanese are fond of all kinds of open-air exercise. The children fly kites in the streets of Yedo. Athletic games are among the established institutions, wrestling especially. In winter and in summer the roads are thronged with rich and poor. The vicissitudes of the seasons do not seem to affect

them. In the warm weather they go lightly clothed, and with sandals of very plain construction, having a loop of the material to enclose the great toe, by which the sandal is kept on the foot. In winter and bad weather they mount upon pattens of wood nicely varnished, as we see in the picture. The gait of a Japanese is peculiar and the step short, or else the long flowing robes would very much impede progress. The pattens are worn alike by men and women.

The women are not shut up in Japan as they are in some countries, but they mix in society and walk abroad with as much freedom as is the custom with us. Much attention is given to the education of girls. They are taught the duties of the life which is before them, and these duties are very essential. They are taught to obey their parents and husbands, to act becomingly in the various relations of life, and to learn such occupations as will be useful. We have a book before us called the "Precious Box of Learning for Girls growing up." On the frontispiece are inscribed the five cardinal virtues, set in quincunx fashion. They are Humanity, Prudence, Uprightness, and Fidelity, with the centre-virtue Humility or Decorum. The book contains a series of admonitions in pattern style, and therefore good for writing copies. The first lesson inculcated on the girl is the necessity of complete submission to her appointed husband, and obedience to her parents-in-law, and it shows the evil consequences which must follow the neglect of these duties. She is taught reading, writing, sewing, folding clothes, spinning, reeling cotton, weaving by hand, washing, and a variety of other useful employments.

In Japan the women are not mere puppets dressed up for ornament, they occupy themselves in many useful ways. Many trades and arts are followed by women. The wives and daughters of the lowest classes engage in their husbands' pursuits. They work in the fields, in mines, at fishing, weaving, etc. The higher grades are engaged in ornamental work, painting, embroidery, pattern-making, and the proper arrangement of flowers and plants in fancy vases and antique pots. This latter art is pursued with great ardour in Japan. It is studied carefully in horticultural establishments. There are masters of the art. One master will lay the flowers and plants in one direction, another in another. If badly set the flowers will not survive so long as they would if set properly. So much for the education of girls; but there is much still for the daughters and mothers of Japan to learn, by which their position will be raised higher and their character will be ennobled, and through them their sons and their country will be benefited.

MORGEN WEG.

A LEGEND OF LUBECK.

At the great fire of Lubeck, 1270, the "Almshouses of the Holy Ghost" were destroyed; shortly after a hospital, bearing the same name, was built. Who is there in Lubeck who does not know the story of the poor boy Bertram, and the rich Bertram Morgen Weg, the founder of the hospital?

In the house of Marquart von Bardewick, a rich merchant of Lubeck, there lived as errand boy, scullion, and employed in every useful capacity, a lad called Bertram. Neither he nor any one else

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knew who his parents were. He had been taken into Bardewick's house from charity, to keep him from begging. He was a handsome boy, with an open, honest countenance. As he grew older, his master often asked him what he would like to be—what profession he would like to follow? He advised him to get employed in some merchant vessel as a sailor, in which service he might rise and better his condition; for the boy seemed too clever and intelligent to spend his life in the menial offices he had filled. Bertram was pleased at the employment proposed for him, by which he would feel more independent and have the benefit of seeing foreign lands. But still he remained in the house, and when his master, who was generally occupied with more important matters, happened to ask him, "Well, Bertram, when are you going to set off?" his reply was, "Morgen Weg" (literally, "To-morrow I will go"—or, "Very soon I will go"). This question and answer occurred so often that every one began to call him "Morgen Weg!"

But there were two reasons—notwithstanding his eager desire to seek his fortune in the wide world, and although he had attained the age of eighteen years—why he still remained. In the first place it seemed impossible to him to leave off tending and waiting on his master's little daughter, who was twelve years old. Secondly, several years previously an agent and correspondent of his master's at Riga, a kind benevolent old man, who had acquired a large fortune there, had come to Lubeck, and Bertram confiding in him what his master had advised, asked him if he could in any way assist him. The good Jacob had given the boy money, so that he might attend a school and gain knowledge, and then he was to go to Riga, where Jacob would see to his future career.

Now when the bright spring, with its promise of hope, again appeared, Bertram thought he was properly prepared to present himself to his benefactor. He had secretly secured a passage on board a ship, and wrote on his door with chalk, "Morgen Weg Hutweg," and went to Riga.

Ten years passed, and no one at Lubeck thought more of the poor boy Bertram—except sometimes his master's daughter, who had grown up a charming, beautiful maiden.

One morning a seafaring man with a large beard entered the merchant's house. None of the clerks or people about remembered having seen him before; notwithstanding which, he very coolly mounted the narrow winding stairs behind the sitting-room which led to the office above, as though he well knew his way in the house.

The sailor saluted the merchant, and handed over to him various documents, by which Bardewick perceived that the man had brought him, as had often been done before, a rich consignment of Russian goods from the successor of Jacob of Riga, his former partner. The sailor asked if he could be received into the house for two days, for he was, he said, a stranger in every other part of the town. Herr Bardewick willingly consented, for he wished to hear something more of the successor of Jacob, who he supposed must be a very rich man considering the large sum of money and valuable deposit of goods belonging to him which were now in his hands.

As it was about twelve o'clock, he asked the sailor to partake of the midday meal, and sent to invite some of his friends to dine with them, stating that

they would have the advantage of meeting a man just arrived from Riga with news of commercial interest. During the repast the sailor, who took the lowest place at the table, related all he had to tell, and, amongst other matters, that Jacob, after he had traded singly without any partner, had met with great success; that at his death, as he had no heirs, he had left a considerable fortune to his chief clerk. Then grace was said, and every guest laid a piece of money on the table to pay for the wine consumed. But the sailor, to the surprise of the master of the house and his guests, laid down as much money as all the others together.

In the afternoon, the ship, which in the meantime had come up from Travemünde, began to unload her cargo, and the sailor was so much occupied till noon the next day, that no one had the opportunity of asking him who he was, and who Jacob's successor was, much as they wished to know. But at midday they all again assembled; but how astonished were they when the sailor entered, dressed this time in a very handsome suit of clothes; and having shaved off his great Russian beard. Taking Herr Bardewick by the hand, he said: "My property is now safely housed. I am Jacob's successor, and I am also—look at me well," he said, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, "I am *Morgen Weg!*"

"Yes!" exclaimed Bardewick's daughter, "it is Bertram;" and then she grew red with shame, for at that time it was not deemed proper for a girl to speak out so boldly.

Now one by one the guests, the clerks, the servants recognised him, welcomed him heartily, and begged he would recount all that had happened to him. It was true that he had by his diligence and intelligence, by his just dealings and undeviating probity, acquired a large fortune. Herr Bardewick made him his partner, and the next year permitted him to marry his beautiful daughter—his greatest treasure.

Bertram employed his wealth and his experience in various ways for the good of Lubeck, so that he was soon elected into the council; but the most noteworthy memorial left of him is the richly-endowed Hospital of the Holy Ghost on the Kaufberg, by which he ministered to a pressing want of the community, for the old hospital above the Marlsgrube (ditch) had possessed far too small a revenue. He even provided against the possibility of the landed property of the institution being taken from it by a war, or by the edifice being destroyed by fire, by placing a sum of money sufficient to counteract the effects of these misfortunes under the foundation of its walls.

Varieties.

VIENNA UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1873.—The Exhibition will open in Vienna on the 1st of May, and close on the 31st of October, 1873. Lists of the exhibitors, with detailed plan of space wanted, are required to be sent in to the chief manager at Vienna before the 1st of this month. There is no liability on the part of the exhibitors for ceilings, boarded floors, or the laying out of the gardens; the cost of these will be defrayed by the Imperial Commission. The motive power for machinery will be supplied gratis. The Austrian regulations state that the price to be charged to each foreign country for the entire area of space demanded will be—in the Industrial Palace at the rate of ten florins, equal to £1 per square meter (a square meter contains about ten and a half square feet), and in the machinery hall at the rate of four florins, equal to 8s. per square meter. In the

other parts of the Exhibition and grounds the rent per square meter will be—in the courtyards of the Industrial Palace, 8s.; in the park, open air, 2s.; in spaces covered at the expense of exhibitor, 6s. Exhibitors of fine arts are exempted from any charges for space. Goods for exhibition to be considered as bonded and exempt from customs duties. Exhibitors or their agents are responsible for the packing, forwarding, receiving, and unpacking of their goods, both for the opening and close of the Exhibition, and the owner, agent, or consignee must be present. The removal of objects after the Exhibition must be completed before the 31st December, 1873. The objects will be submitted to the judgment of an international jury. Special regulations will be issued for the fine arts, machinery, and the temporary exhibitions. The usual prohibitions and limitations respecting the exhibition of explosive substances are notified. Objects for exhibition will be received at Vienna from the 1st of February until the 15th of April, 1873. Special regulations will be published respecting constructions, and very large objects; also for those requiring foundations. All preparations for the exhibition of such objects must be completed by the 15th of February, 1873. The chief manager reserves to himself the right to dispose of such places as shall not be properly occupied on the 25th of April, 1873. The objects exhibited will be protected against piracy of inventions or designs. Reproductions, photographs, etc., will only be allowed with the joint consent of the exhibitor and the chief manager. Insurances against fire, etc., when considered necessary by the exhibitor, to be effected by him at his own expense. Exhibitors and their agents will receive tickets entitling them to free admission to the Exhibition.

LONDON'S GROWTH.—During the past ten years there were built in the Metropolitan Police district 149,905 houses, and the additional length of streets placed in charge of the police is 635 miles, equal to the distance from London to Inverness and 40 miles beyond. During the past year the police have had to extend their guardianship over 226 new streets and two new squares, representing a total length of 38 miles and 722 yards.—*Colonel Henderson's Police Report, 1872.*

STORMY LITERATURE.—"A serial story of a stormy or sensational cast wanted for a Scotch weekly periodical, to extend over say three months. Apply immediately through 'F. F.' Strand, London; or address—Office, Glasgow."—*Advertisement in London Papers.*

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.—In spite of the opposition raised by the old retrograde party, his Majesty the Shah's reported voyage to Europe is fixed, and official preparations on a scale of truly Oriental magnificence are already being made for the occasion. This is the first instance of a Persian Sovereign visiting Europe, since as far back as 480 years before the birth of our Saviour, when King Xerxes, at the head of a Persian army numbering, with followers, more than five millions, attended by a naval armament of 3,000 sail, invaded Greece, after crossing the Hellespont by a bridge of boats. This feat, we think, would puzzle the much-exalted Control-Department of Great Britain of the present day, judging by the shortcomings shown in the transport arrangements for the yearly Autumnal Manœuvres. We hope that the British Government will see the necessity of placing the Royal yacht at the disposal of the Shah, for his Majesty's embarkation at Constantinople early in the spring of 1873, and the conveyance to Trieste, en route for Vienna, whither, before visiting the other Sovereigns of Europe, he is invited by the Emperor of Austria to assist in the ceremonial of opening the Grand International Exhibition. In such case it is just possible that Malta may be visited, this island offering many advantages and facilities for a fleet to collect for the purpose of escorting his Majesty to the Adriatic.—*Malta Times, Aug. 31.*

A STEAM HAMMER FOR WOOLWICH.—Preparations are being made on the site selected for the new foundry of the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich Arsenal, for the erection of a 30-ton Nasmyth steam hammer, the largest ever made. It will strike a blow equal to the weight of about 800 tons, and the bed for the anvil has therefore to be of great strength. A hole 45 feet square and 20 feet deep was first dug, and then piles of timber to the number of more than 100 were driven into the solid gravel more than 20 feet below, the interstices being filled with concrete. On the foundation a block of iron 30 feet broad and 11 inches thick, and weighing 160 tons, was laid, and upon this two layers of oak balks. Upon the timber was laid another iron plate, 10 inches thick and 27 feet square, weighing 121 tons, and then followed more oak balks, standing vertically and bound together by wrought-iron bands. Two more iron plates, weighing 214 tons, have since been lowered upon the bed, and one heavier than any yet employed is to follow. Upon this will rest the anvil-block, which is shortly to be cast in the arsenal, and

will weigh 102 tons, and upon this finally the anvil-face, which will be 12 feet in diameter and weigh 60 tons. This will bring the anvil up to the level of the forge floor, and all the excavations round it will be rammed in with concrete into a solid mass. The erection of the factory walls has not yet commenced, but in several parts the timber-fields on which it will stand have been excavated and the underground work completed.

FRANCE REAPING WHAT WAS SOWN.—France is the most complete example of successful, because thorough, persecution. It was the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day that turned back France from following the example of Germany and England, and left her a Catholic country. Who, then, fears to name it? Who disavows the deed? No Catholic does so far as we know—at least, nobody whose authority, as entitled to speak for his church, can be introduced into this question. What, however, has been the result? The crime still lies heavy on France. The blood still cries from the ground. The deed not disavowed is upheld for imitation. Age after age, with a certain solemnity of recurrence, those very palaces, those very churches, those very pavements, those very streams, and banks, and historic spots, witness the repetition, under new names and pleas, of the old horrors. If we might infer from the invariable past, Paris will see the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day celebrated, not by mere hostile or approving anniversaries, but in sanguinary act and deed, to the end of time. Who are now, and, to judge by the past, who will be, the victims? Kings, nobles, archbishops, priests, the bearers of the names and titles tainted with the crime. For the moral of the thing, and for the warning of all nations, the deed itself is left to be proclaimed, not by lips of man, but by that Providence which periodically visits it upon the successors and representatives of its authors.—*Times.*

JAPANESE GOOD SENSE.—To a deputation of the United Kingdom Alliance, who presented an address at Manchester, the chief of the embassy, Iwakura, read a reply, which the interpreter thus translated:—"Gentlemen,—In response to the kind words you have spoken of our nation, and of us as its representatives, permit me to say a few words in encouragement of your good work. That certainly is an organisation which has for its object the diminishing of 'crime, pauperism, lunacy, and other social evils.' Your desire that our 'hitherto comparatively temperate community' may not be filled with those pernicious evils cannot be stronger than our own. We are making the circuit of the world that we may gather out of the various lands we may visit whatever is good in the civilisation of the West. It shall be our endeavour at the same time to avoid the evils that seem everywhere to have followed the advance of civilisation. Your cause is worthy of every effort put forth for its success. Though you may not soon succeed in gaining for your help the direct legislation of the Government, and though we may not be able in this way to exclude intemperance from Japan, still, the moral influence your society may exert, and which we may use for the great ends of temperance and virtue, will help your empire and ours towards that day when we shall put away from us every species of vice. We wish, then, to your nation and to yourselves, prosperity and success in all your philanthropic endeavours."

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—I remember to have received from Mr. Charles Tilt, the publisher, the following note:—"Soon after the death of the Marquess Wellesley, at Kingston House, Knightsbridge, in 1842, his lordship's valuable library was dispersed by auction. On the day previous to the sale, the Marquess's noble brother, the Duke of Wellington, called at his bookseller's, in Piccadilly, and desired that a person should attend the auction and purchase for his Grace a certain pamphlet on the Administration of India, which contained several notes, and much supplementary matter in the handwriting of the late Marquess, no limit being named as to price. The commission was duly attended to, when a sharp competition arose for the lot, and the pamphlet was eventually knocked down to Mr. Hatchard's assistant at the extraordinary price of £34 odd, although it was published at 3s. 6d. Mr. Hatchard felt uneasy at this great cost, and early next morning repaired to Apsley House to see the Duke upon the matter. The Duke impatiently inquired for the pamphlet, which Mr. Hatchard at length placed in his Grace's hands, expressing regret at what he thought the indiscretion of his assistant in bidding so exorbitant a sum for the pamphlet. His Grace inquired the price, and on being informed, the Duke replied with evident satisfaction, remarking, characteristically, as to the clerk's conduct, 'Well! he did his duty,' an expression which so far relieved Mr. Hatchard of his load of anxiety, that in the fulness of his joy and warmth of his admiration he replied, 'God bless your Grace!'"—*John Timbs.*

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